

Life

Model C

VOL. LV, NO. 1435
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PRICE, 10 CENTS
APRIL 28, 1910



PUZZLE ——— FIND THE REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

Columbia



Columbia Cars are wholly made within our own great works and in no way are they comparable with so-called assembled cars possessing a divided responsibility of design and build.

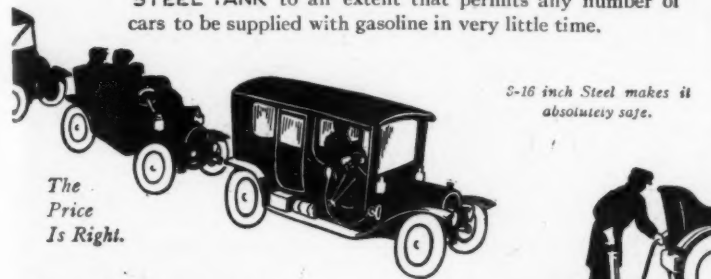
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THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Station 106-A, Hartford, Connecticut
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Continuous Service

Simplicity and efficiency are combined in the AIR TIGHT STEEL TANK to an extent that permits any number of cars to be supplied with gasoline in very little time.



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Is Right.

Write for Gasoline Chart.

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Employer to Applicant: ARE YOU TRUTHFUL?
"Y-E-S, BUT NOT SO'S TO QUEER YOUR BUSINESS."

FISK

Quality

QUICK Tire Changes
—a great saving in
time and labor with
no loss of safety, come
with the use of the
Fisk Removable Rim
carrying inflated tires.
Three years of hardest
work have proven its
absolute practicability.

REMOVABLE

Simple, light, strong. Quick in
operation. Few parts (only 5
nuts to remove.) No special tool
required. Ease of operation
unaffected by mud or water.
We know it is The Best. Inves-
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Fisk *Quality* Tires are made in four styles,
To Fit all Rims: Bolted - On, Clincher,
Q. D. Clincher, and Dunlop. Write
for our Removable Rim Booklet.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

DEPT. S.

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

Branches in Seventeen Cities

RIM



SPORTS AWA!

(By "Sports" we refer to the dead game variety)

Now the next number is devoted to the things that sports like; that is to say, to pretty girls, fishing and other varieties of game, including primitive, permutative and peripatetic pleasures in field, forest and palm rooms—also mountain resorts and half-way houses. This is the open season for open air jokes. We have in reality brought Nature and the thing we do to Nature within all the way from 80 to 100 pages of LIFE.

A corking number! A friend said the other day: "How do you keep it up? Every week I say that the next number of LIFE must be a poor one—you ought to have exhausted yourself long ago."

Bless you, we are only just beginning. Be a regular subscriber now, and then compare LIFE to-day with the same one a year hence.

If you are so careless as *not* to be a subscriber, be sure and get next week's number anyway. It's the latest display of the latest ideas.

Order early.

COMING SPECIAL NUMBERS

May 19 Animal

May 26 College



June 9 COURTSHIP

June 16 HOME, SWEET HOME



This number commemorates the greatest event in American history—the homecoming of Theodore the First. What shall we do with him when we get him here? Or better, What will he do with us? At any rate, you will be safe if you get this number of LIFE. It will tell the reason why.



June 23 BOOK NUMBER

Of course you read and think. This is the peculiar privilege of every LIFE reader. Also, you try to steer clear of certain books that will be of no interest. In this number you will find a guide to summer reading—conducted by Mr. Kerfoot and other well known literary experts. Put off buying your summer books until you see this number. Every publisher in the country is lying awake nights now waiting for the verdict.



June 30 ARMY AND NAVY NUMBER

Everybody knows that LIFE is a friend of the Army and Navy. We have been wanting to get up a number devoted to these good friends of ours for a long time, and have only been waiting the psychological moment. This is now fixed at eleven o'clock on the joyous morning of June 30. We will meet you then at all news-stands. You will recognize us by the glad smile of welcome that extends from cover to cover.

OTHER NUMBERS ARE:

Plumage Burglars'

Smokers'
Goody Goody



Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04

IF GOING ABROAD KEEP THIS ADDRESS!

Ernest. 185, Regent Street

The most EXCLUSIVE MODELS in London. FANCY TAILOR
MADES. RECEPTION and EVENING FROCKS. MILLINERY, FURS



More Music in Sight

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

And now a certain doctor tells us that by applying electricity to the vocal chords of dead animals they will produce the same sounds that they did in life. What do you think of *that*? Can we ever be sufficiently grateful? Speed the jungle-hunter on his way, and may the guerdon he bears back to his love be the vocal chords of the Monarch of the Forest—with an attendant electric battery! Exit the mouse, while the hidden chords of defunct cats meow forth into the night from each wired cellar and pantry. Why stop here? Since vocal chords are the order of the day for experimentation, and grafting and transplanting are hustling everything from tomatoes and marigolds to human legs and ears, why not transplant the living chords? How merrily we might ride behind the horse, singing "jingle bells, jingle bells," as he trots along.

What was this we heard about uplifting the rural population? What more would they need when

The milkmaid could milk a purring cow
And the hens lay eggs with a loud bow-wow?

Alas for me that I am so near the age

20th Century Limited

"It Saves a Business Day"

Lv. New York 3:30 p.m.	Lv. Chicago 2:30 p.m.
Lv. Boston 1:00 p.m.	Ar. Boston 11:50 a.m.
Ar. Chicago 8:30 a.m.	Ar. New York 9:30 a.m.

Equipment

Electric lighted—buffet library and stateroom observation cars, standard sleeping and dining cars—barber, maid, valet, manicure, telephone, stock reports, daily paper, and periodicals.

Sleeping-Car Accommodations

Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at City
Ticket Office, 298 Washington St., 'Phone 2140
Fort Hill; 1216 Broadway, New York,
'Phone 6310 Madison and 180
Clark St., Chicago,
'Phone 1661
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NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

limit that I may not live to see these
hopes materialize.

FRANCES C. STIMSON.

From a Friend

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—I read in your paper the other day, if I recollect you, that one of the reasons editors are unhappy is that those who dislike them say so in no uncertain tones, while those who like them are silent. Permit me to alleviate your sorrows by writing that in my judgment LIFE is the best thing published in America or elsewhere, as far as I am able to judge, though my linguistical limitations and a caution imbued by my training at the bar enforce me to disclaim a definite opinion as to Europe.

The directness with which you express your opinions, your absolute fearlessness in doing so, your consummate and trenchant wit and, to my mind, your perfection of judgment, are, I think, the saving condition of American journalism.

With genuine admiration and entire respect, I am, sir, ISAAC B. OWENS.
NEW YORK, April 6, 1910.

SWITZERLAND

For Health and Pleasure.

VISIT

ST. MORITZ, Engadine,
6000 feet above Sea,

With its World-Renowned Mineral Springs.

The exhilarating Alpine air, combined with the sunshine and blue sky of ST. MORITZ, promote RENEWED HEALTH and VIGOUR.

GRAND HOTEL ST. MORITZ.

The Hotel de Luxe of the Alps.

Opened in 1905. Every modern improvement. 300 rooms. Private Suites, with Bath and Dressing Rooms. Thorough quiet secured by double passages. Grand Society Room, with most beautiful view on the Lake and Mountains. Most modern Sanitary and Ventilating arrangements. Vacuum Cleaner. Lifts to all Floors.

DAILY CONCERTS BY THE MILAN ORCHESTRA.

Tennis, Golf, Croquet, Boating on the Lake, Trout Fishing, Delightful Walks and Drives.

Illustrated Tariff from "Town and Country" Travel Bureau, 389 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.; from the Hotel Manager; or (in England) from GOULD & PORTMAN, Ltd., 54 New Oxford Street, London.



Season
from June
to September

HARTSHORN
SHADE
ROLLERS
Original and unequalled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved"
requires no tacks. Investor's
signature on genuine!
Stewart Hartshorn

Registered
Trade
Mark.



Established
Half a
Century.

Imported Sheer Colored Cotton Wash Materials

In a great variety of new weaves and meshes, adapted for gowns and waists, embracing:

French Tuscan Crepes, in the latest French tones; also self-color embroidered effects. 32 to 46 inches wide; 90c to \$1.85 per yd.

French and English Marquisettes and Voiles, in plain shades, embroidered figures in self-colors; also with silk stripes. 40 to 46 inches wide; 75c to \$2.00 per yd.

Printed French Batistes, in dots, Persian effects and conventional designs on striped and checked grounds. 60c to \$1.00 per yd.

Embroidered St. Gall Dress Swisses and Batistes, in dots and fancy figures, in all black for mourning wear. 31 and 40 inches wide; 50c to \$2.00 per yd.

Imported Bengaline Suitings, heavily corded, in street and evening shades; also all white and black; especially adapted for tailored and princess gowns. 27 inches wide; 65c per yd.

French and English Piques, in all the leading shades. 27 to 32 inches wide; 50c to \$1.25 per yd.

Samples of any of the above lines mailed free upon request.

James McCutcheon & Company

5th Avenue & 34th Street, New York, Opposite Waldorf-Astoria



THE New Rambler has many little features of safety and convenience which are most appreciated by the experienced owner. Both brakes may be adjusted by raising the hinged aluminum floor and turning two winged thumb nuts. The safety spark-retarder protects you from a back kick of the starting crank. A convenient gasoline lock prevents the unauthorized use of your car. In these features and in the Rambler door lock, adjustable steering column, and handy spark-plug connection, you find evidence of careful attention to details—the mark of quality. Besides every Rambler has the Offset Crank-Shaft, Straight-Line Drive, Thirty-Six Inch Wheels and Spare Wheel feature.

Rambler automobiles \$1,800 to \$3,750

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Main Office and Factory: Kenosha, Wis.

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Andrew Usher
& Co.,
Distillers,
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& Co.,
New York,
Sole Agents.



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

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for Dress and Sporting Wear.

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BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

LIFE



INTERESTING POINTS VISITED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR

AS SHOWN BY THE GROOM'S CAMERA

Going the Whole Hog

Irish people have protested against the caricaturing of their race upon the stage and have banished the ridiculous stage Irishman. The Jews should do the same thing, and make an end to the ridiculing of the Jew on the stage and in the magazines and the public press.

SO Rabbi Silverman, of New York, as reported in the papers of April 4. He is quoted further as declaring that Shakespeare's "Shylock" is a "pernicious representation," and that the "Merchant of Venice" should not be read in the public schools.

The Rabbi is a logical man. Continuing on the lines suggested, our colored brethren should exclude "Othello" from the schools as a libel on their cousins the Moors.

Have patience, Rabbi! Wait a few generations until all the contributing races have been merged in the American type. Then all the race jokes and race pictures will gradually fade away and

the composite American will read his Shakespeare without prejudice.

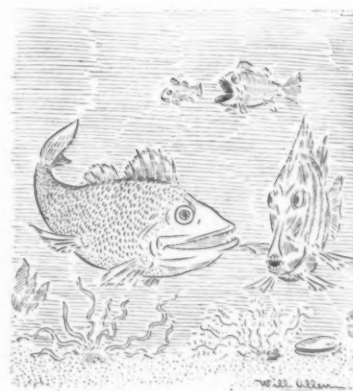
Pass the Plate

THEY ought to pass the plate at church weddings. It comes natural to do it in church, and to do so would add a pretty and useful employment to the duties of the ushers, who always have a little spare time before the bride arrives.

And, really, getting married is more expensive than ever, and though wedding presents are excellent in their way, what the young people usually need the most is cash.

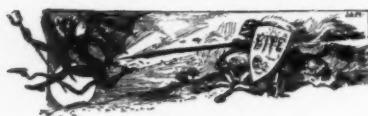
Instead of the list of gifts which the newspapers sometimes print, we should read: "The collection yielded \$4,000,000." That would be nice. It is much easier to store and care for money than plate and glass! And money always fits and there is no such thing as an embarrassing duplication of dollars.

I would rather be It than President.



"HAVE THE COURTS DECIDED YET WHO IS TO HAVE THE CHILDREN?"

"OH, YES, IN MY FAVOR! I ATE THE LAST ONE FOR BREAKFAST THIS MORNING."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV APRIL 28, 1910 No. 1435

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

Roosevelt lines up against Taft with Pinchot.—Headline *New York American*.



IT is to admire the perseverance and fine detachment from fact with which our Hearst neighbors proceed day in and day out in their disparagement of our itinerant Colonel. Of course he hasn't "lined up against Taft." Of course he stands on conservation just where he has always stood, and will say so at the Conservation Congress. What he thinks about Ballinger he has not told, and may not tell. Discretion will be apt to prevent it. But there is no reason why he should not speak his mind about conservation.

In the *Evening Journal* we find Brother Brisbane gallantly devoting several double columns of space and assorted type to a labored rebuke to the Colonel for mixing politics and religion in his proceedings at Rome. In this instance Brother Brisbane's bite seems to us pathetically deficient in teeth. His bark is robust and fearsome, but the bite is no better than a mumble. In fidelity to his employment and constancy in execration of the man who sent Mr. Root to Utica to declare his lack of esteem for Mr. Hearst, Mr. Brisbane is an example to us all. But he gnaws a file when he treats of our Colonel's conduct at Rome. It is as Marse Henry says: That incident was forced on Mr. Roosevelt. He couldn't have done other than he did.

We love to see the Hearst papers vilify the Colonel. He is somewhat too popular, and if they can turn some

minds against him it may be useful in the same way that the short interest in stocks is useful when stocks are getting too high. But if the effort and the misrepresentation and the fine detachment from fact altogether fail, then the Hearst papers must suffer some damage by their failure, and that, too, may be a good thing, for they, also, are somewhat too popular.



NEXT to the Colonel they seem to hate Mayor Gaynor. We forget at the moment why that is so, but the reasons no doubt are sufficient. It is interesting that circumstances should have crowded them into the attitude of malediction toward two such interesting men, for next to the Colonel the Mayor seems just now to be the individuality that most attracts inquiring minds. In New York we ask one another, and out of New York observing strangers ask us: "What do you think of Gaynor?"

It is too soon, of course, to have an opinion that is valuable, but at least we all are thinking a great deal about him, and chiefly with approval and rejoicing and great growth of hope that New York has got a great Mayor.

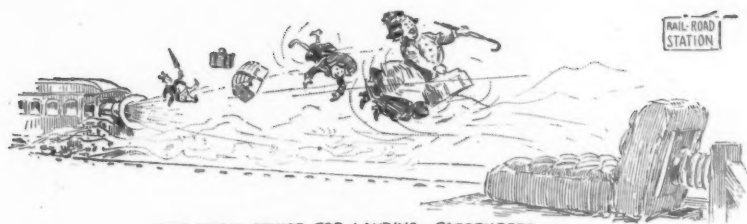
Very few of us understand Judge Gaynor. He is very unlike the common run of men, even of able men. The lawyers, apparently, disliked him as a judge, and as they were the chief authorities before election on his character and qualities, he did not get a particularly friendly welcome as a candidate. But he is very able, he knows a great deal, particularly about the laws that concern the government of this city, he can work enormously, he has no political obligations to liquidate and he seems, so far, to be absolutely bent on giving the city lawful, orderly and honest government. Moreover, with the Board of Estimate made up as it is, the Mayor has the best chance to give good government that a mayor of New York has had in a long, long while.

That is why Mayor Gaynor is the object of such general public interest.

Folks talk of him as candidate for Governor, other folks as candidate for President. We do not understand that he is, or is likely to be, a candidate for anything but just Mayor of New York for the next four years. That is office enough—it is the office which, next to the Presidency, offers at this time the largest opportunity for public service that the country affords. If Mayor Gaynor can demonstrate how to be Mayor of New York he will do every city in the country a huge benefit, for in spite of the jealousy of this town that prevails all over the country and the sentiment that it is a parasite, and a devouring ogre and everything that is greedy, a good thing in New York is amply advertised in every American newspaper, and is seen and felt and initiated in every American city.



WE wish at times that President Taft would admit to himself that he is a great failure as a political President and quit bothering with that end of his job and with justification of his course and defense of his policies and concentrate his powers on the mere duties of his office. As long as he is such a bad politician—and he seems a mighty bad one—he ought not to waste on futile essays at political leadership powers so valuable and rare as his for administration. He is an exceedingly honest and able man and a great administrator. He is doing admirable and important work all the time that few observers have the brains and knowledge to understand, and he loses the effect of it, so far as he himself is concerned, by making political speeches which everybody understands and hardly any one likes. We wish he would let the Republican party go hang—split if it will, bust if it must—and just mind his job and the country's needs. He is eminently qualified to do that. He does not seem to have an unusual gift for the selection of cabinet officers, but otherwise he has qualifications fit to make him a great President, and will prove to be a great President if he can put his weight in where it will tell.



TIME SAVING DEVICE FOR LANDING PASSENGERS.

April



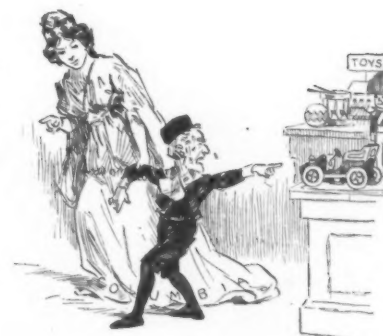
RING AROUND A ROOSEVELT.



PLAY BALL!



PITTSBURG POLICE
ARE EQUIPPED WITH TELEPHONES.



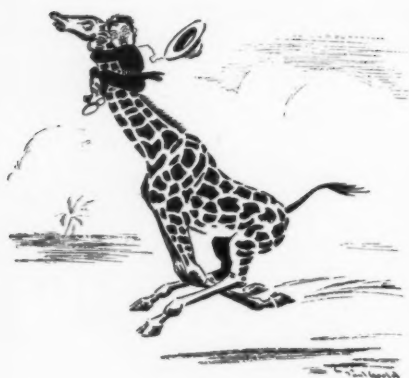
UNCLE JOE MUST PAY OR WALK.



DIogenes STILL AT IT.



OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO PORTUGAL.



GOLF TERM
AT THE TOP OF HIS GAME

Books They May Have Written

IT Is Never Too Late to Mend, Cannon.

Innocents Abroad, Cook.

All's Well That Ends Well, Peary.

Hard Cash, Rockefeller.

Wealth of Nations, Morgan.

Mother Goose, Mrs. Eddy.

In His Steps, Taft.

The Jungle Book, Roosevelt.

Yeast, Mrs. Rorer.

The Fruit of the Tree, Burbank.

That Blessed Elevator

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN
ROME, March 16.—An electric elevator, carrying ten persons, has been installed in the stairway leading to the cupola in St. Peter's.

An appropriate Latin inscription, in which the elevator is termed "Electricum anabathrum," is placed at the entrance. The lift will be solemnly blessed and inaugurated by Cardinal Rampolla next Saturday.

WHY is the forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
'Tis Science—modern Science has seized St. Peter's dome!

"*Anathema maranatha*" were once the words of power,

But "*anabathrum electricum*" control the present hour.

From fixed and ancient standards the Romans seem to drift;

They seek no longer "moral" but "electrical" uplift;

That something so new-fangled should in this age be bought

But goes to show the tendency to currents of new thought.

And though it saves a lot of steps, and many minutes, too,

No longer can we go to Rome to do as Romans do;

If Julius Caesar used a lift, the fact is nowhere stated—

Though Horace and his genial friends were often "elevated."



AN INFANTA AND HER DUENNAS (BY VELASQUEZ)—FROM WHITE HOUSE COLLECTION

"Electricum"! A word to make Quintilian gasp and stare—

(For stairs still were in his old day, though now they're rather rare).

These lines are meant to note a fact, not for the sake of "knocking,"

But—as a bit of current news—isn't it rather shocking? *Tudor Jenks.*

The Personal Touch

THE faultiness of many of our modern ways of doing things largely lies in their lack of the personal touch. This is especially true of the trusts. They have no interest in us and, goodness knows, we have no interest in them. Taking away the personal touch takes away all the fun.

In the old days we made friends with our enemies in order the better to get their money. With the evolution of civilization, however; with the introduction

of speed tests; with the perfection of the telephone, Christian Science and other absent and impersonal methods of communication, we do not concern ourselves with the character of our victims, but only with their financial standing. It is at this point that Dun and Bradstreet jump so nobly into the breach. We are no longer compelled to apologize or justify ourselves to our victims, for the simple reason that we do not meet them face to face.

Formerly, if we were a little short of funds, we could borrow a few dollars from those we knew because we knew them. Now the people we know have no money to lend and those who have money to lend will not lend it to us because they do not know us.

The renaissance of the personal touch is well worth the consideration of any unattached philanthropist.

Ellis O. Jones.

Which Shall the Fourth of July Be This Year?



THE MORNING AFTER

SEVERAL years ago LIFE called attention pictorially to the destruction of life on the Fourth of July through the senseless practice of shooting off fire crackers, toy pistols and cannons. Other periodicals, following LIFE's lead, took up the matter, which finally spread, until the propaganda in favor of a quiet Fourth became general.

In spite of this fact, however, the number of deaths last year through the celebration of the Fourth was as large, if not larger, than ever.

Brethren of the Press, let's keep up the fight this year with renewed ef-

forts. Every parent and guardian in the country should be convinced that the memory of Independence Day can be kept alive without a lot of boisterous carnage of young children.

We reproduce on this page the original picture which, printed many years ago in LIFE (July 10, 1902), started the crusade. This picture has been used many times. We gladly permit its reproduction by any paper in the country, with credit to LIFE. Or if our friends wish us to supply the cut, we will do so at the nominal cost of having it electrotyped.

Strictly Up to Date

VISITOR (in *airoplanic apartments*): What became of that beautiful little water-spaniel you had on your yacht last summer?

HOSTESS: Oh, he was so unfashionable up here that I exchanged him for a sky-terrier!

"A NEW book of etiquette has been published in London," says a contemporary. One chapter is entitled "How to Behave in Jail."

MRS. ADAMS (of Boston): Now, promise me, Waldo, that you will never write anything you would be ashamed to send to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Ignorance

THE increase of ignorance is the surest mark of civilization. Time was when we knew all about the origin of man—that he was manufactured deliberately and set down into a vale of tears euphemistically called the Garden of Eden. But this knowledge was merely a part of barbarism. With civilization comes the confession that we know nothing at all about it—that even our best guess contains a missing link.

So, also, knowledge about the other world was formerly common property. Almost any draughtsman could give us a rough sketch of it, showing the character of the hinge on the Gates Ajar and the patentee's name on the timelock of eternity. The pavements of paradise, the antics of angels and the purpose of purgatory were once known to an infinitesimal nicety. But all that knowledge is gone. Civilization is the cause. Civilization is but another name for darkness and ignorance.

"Here and Now"

IT is stated on good authority that though a good Unitarian in other respects, President Taft is rapidly becoming orthodox on the hell question, only he believes it is "here and now."



A RANK OUTSIDER

King Pierpont and His Subjects

Universal Delight Expressed Everywhere at the New Régime

VII



GREETED EVERYWHERE AS

KING PIERPONT is now on his triumphal journey around the world and is being greeted everywhere as the greatest monarch known. From private advices we learn that he is not well pleased with all the adulation he is receiving.

"My simple nature revolts," he is reported to have said to one of his favorites, "at this homage."

Mrs. Hetty Green has been placed temporarily in charge of the country during the absence of our beloved King. This shows more than anything else his broadness.

"Give the ladies a chance," he has been heard to say on numerous occasions. It is even

rumored that the succession is likely to fall on a woman.

A prominent nobleman, close to the throne, expressed himself yesterday as follows:

"This great revolution in our affairs is one of the wonders of the world. King Pierpont was bound to own the entire country, anyway, even if we had kept on as a republic; but to think that, silently and harmoniously, he has thus been installed as King shows better than anything else the supreme genius of the American people."

The King's return from his triumphal journey will be celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony that this country can command. One thousand aeroplanes have been engaged to form a continuous procession from Sandy Hook to the Stock Exchange. His Grace of Comstock is in charge of the floats, which will exceed in magnificence anything that Cleopatra attempted. All patriots are urged to send in suggestions to amuse the royal mind during the festival week.

Duke Hughes of Albany (former Governor of New York under the old régime) is in charge of all the race tracks in the country, and it is expected that the trotting and pacing events will be more wonderful than ever. It is well known that His Majesty, while not enthusiastically fond of the chase, is nevertheless pleased to hunt occasionally. It is hoped that the High Lord of Oyster Bay, now in charge of the royal zoo, will have an entertain-



AFTER WALL STREET SPECULATORS

THE KING SAYS JAMES R. KEENE KNOWS THE GAME BETTER THAN ANY OTHER SUBJECT.



HIS MAJESTY IS VERY FOND OF PAINTING.

ing programme. It has been suggested that His Majesty would enjoy a hunt after Wall Street speculators, and an order to this effect will be given. The King says James R. Keene knows the game better than any other subject. It is understood also that His Majesty is secretly fond of painting, and upon his return it is hoped that he will con-

The King is accompanied on his journey by a large retinue, practically every magnate in the country serving the royal person in one capacity or another. Former magnate J. J. Hill is now Keeper of the Royal Garter. Former James R. Keene has complete charge of the royal burnt matches and cigar stumps.



THE GREATEST MONARCH KNOWN

sent to a public exhibition of his pictures in the National Art Gallery.

In the meantime it would be impossible to exaggerate the reports of the marvelous progress of His Majesty around the world.

Early in the month he was received by King Edward in London. As King Edward grasped the hand of our beloved monarch he shed tears. King Pierpont was affected almost as much. As a slight testimony of his regard King Edward has presented our ruler with Shakespeare's house at Avon, the tower of London, both houses of Parliament and Alfred Austin, who will write our poetry in connection with our laureate, Whitcomb Riley. All these goods will be shipped soon, free of all duty.



IN PARIS

The ovation extended to His Majesty in Paris has never been equaled in magnificence even by Louis XIV. The Bourse was closed for the day and every millionaire in the city extended his homage to our monarch. Ten thousand automobiles were in line and the smell of cylinder oil could be noticed in Versailles. The French National Guard was out in full force and the President of the French Republic knelt at the feet of our beloved King.

"It is only a question of time," he said, "when this republic will revert to type and become once more a monarchy. I see it coming."

In Berlin, Emperor William received our King with all the enthusiasm expected.

"Aside from myself," he said, when the royal entourage approached, "I regard you as being the greatest monarch alive."

His majesty is now approaching China and Japan, where preparations have been in progress for weeks to entertain him suitably.

In the meantime affairs at home under Regent Hetty Green are moving smoothly.

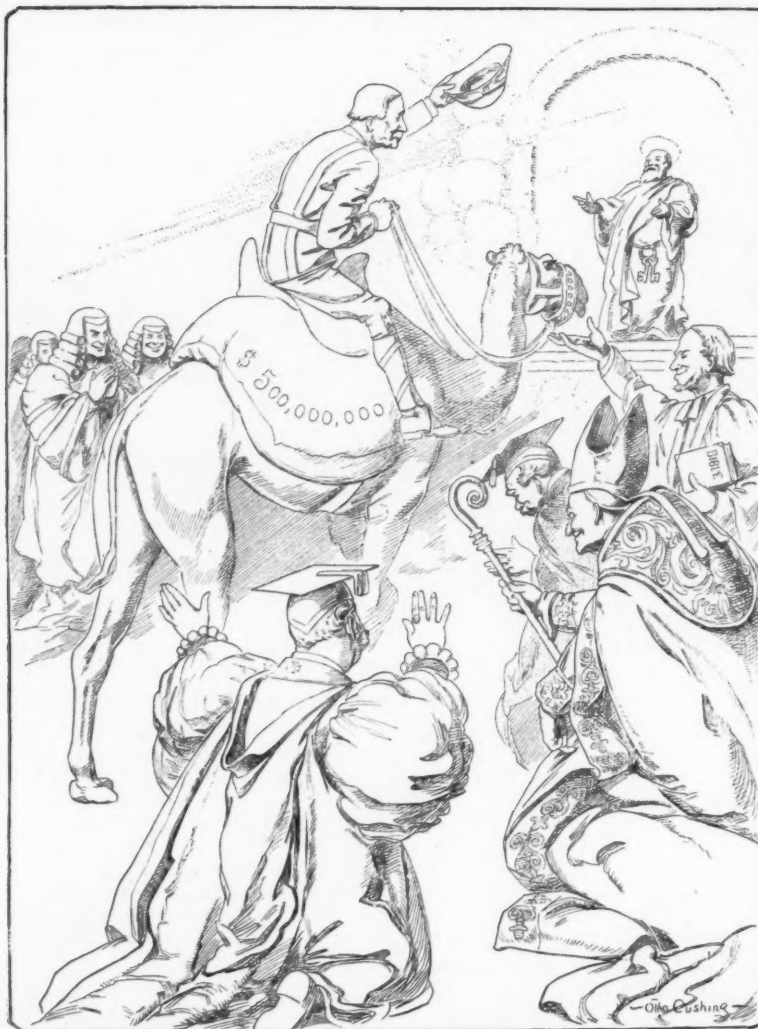
It must be acknowledged, however, that our present head is not quite so broad as His Royal Highness.

Half portions of everything have been ordered for the table, and the palace retinue has been cut down one-half. Yesterday all the milliners in the kingdom were ordered to show their stock in the palace, it being understood that the highest price Lady Green would pay is \$2.30.

We await His Majesty's return with eagerness.



THE EMPEROR IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PHILADELPHIA INVINCIBLES



CONGRATULATIONS OF CHRISTENDOM

THE ONLY CAMEL THAT EVER GOT THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE

Future Generations

THE best way to feel optimistic is to think about the future generations.

Although the muckraker has made out a bad case for us, we are still able to contract debts which future generations will have to liquidate.

The Panama Canal will (possibly) be ours, but future generations will have to pay for it.

We had all the glory of the Spanish War and the acquisition of the Philippines, but future generations will have to pay the pensions.

Future generations will have to read about the squabbles of the Daughters of the Embalmed Beef Heroes.

Future generations will have to respect the Constitution a great deal more than we do, because it will be older by that time.

Future generations will find that we have given away about everything that is valuable, such as franchises, public lands, etc.

Future generations will find it much harder to support the rich, for their heirs will have greatly multiplied.

THE great question of the hour is the canal question.

Panama?

No, alimentary; how to keep traffic passing through it at present food prices.

Don't Read This If You Care for Dogs

A CERTAIN Dr. Crile enjoys experiments on dogs to see the effects of "shock." We say "enjoys" because he need not do it unless he wishes. There is no compulsion. Here is an extract from his report published in the *New York Herald*:

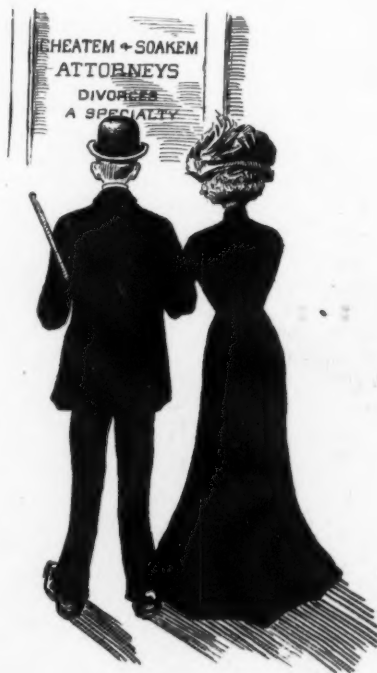
In a further effort to produce shock the right hind paw was deeply burned. The left hind paw was burned. The right sciatic nerve was exposed, with some hemorrhage occurring during the operation. Peripheral and central traction was exerted and torsion, and the nerve was rubbed so much that it finally was rubbed through. The only effect was to increase the respiratory rate.

Is the proper place for this man an asylum for degenerates?

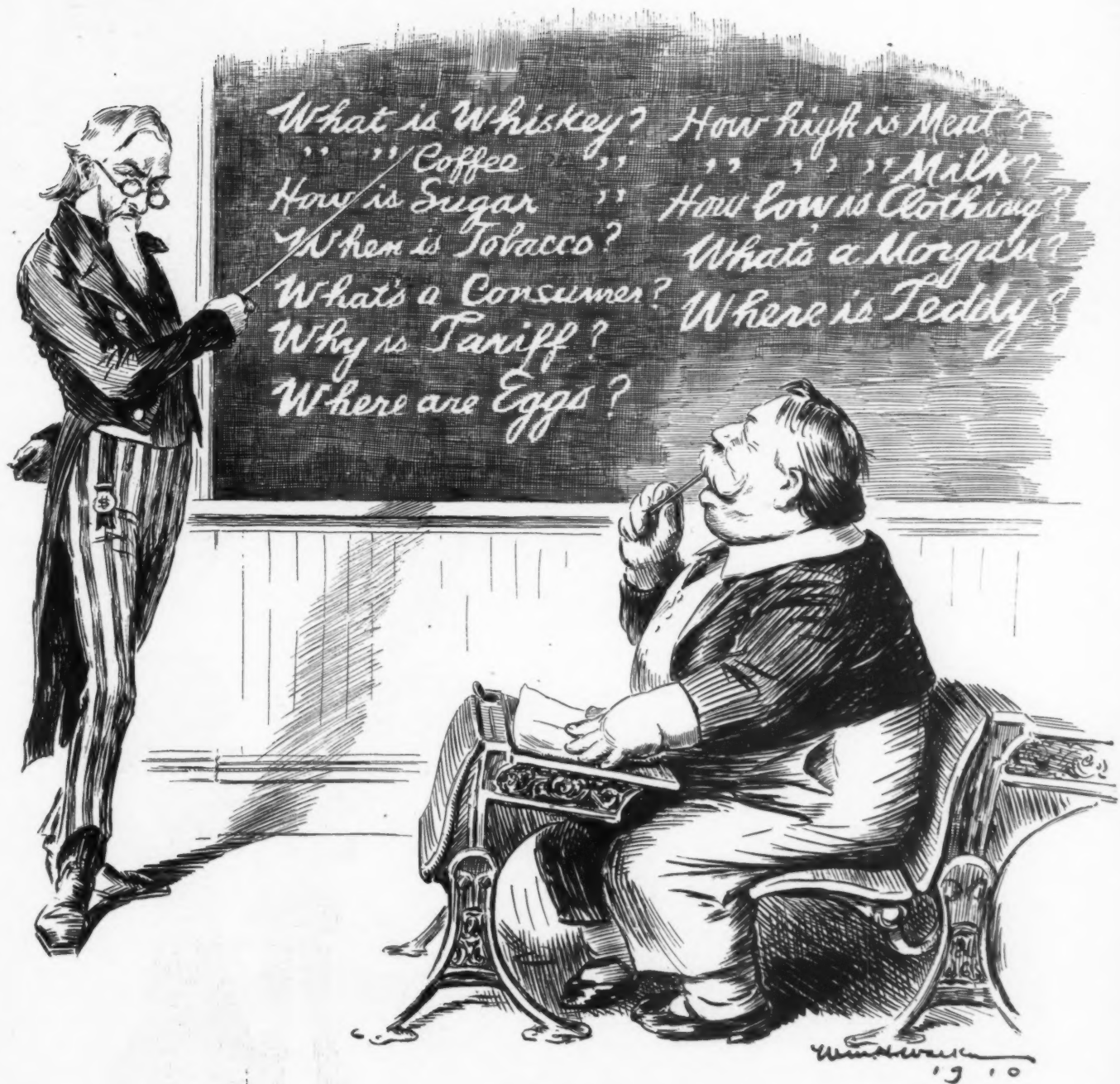
ALLDS well that pays well.

WE applaud Uncle Joe's resolve not to retire unless he has to. With the Colonel and Uncle Joe both in private life government would seem too much like a performance by amateurs with the professionals looking on.

MRS. FROST: How's your husband?
MRS. SNOW: The members of his club say he is looking splendidly.



TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT



WILL HE PASS?



DURING THE SHAM BATTLE

"I SAY, OLD CHAP, IT'S SO BEASTLY HOT, LET'S TOSS UP TO SEE WHICH TAKES THE OTHER PRISONER."

Great Snakes!

MARSE HENRY has spoken.

He has more than spoken; he has hollered out.

He has lifted up his voice in solemn, melodious and patriotic warning.

There yawns ahead of us the parting of the ways. In the yawn Marse Henry sees teeth!

Whose teeth!

Whose but His! Whose teeth would fit the fork in the road but Theodore's!

Yep; he sees 'em. "The most startling figure," says Marse Henry, "who has appeared in the world since Napoleon Bonaparte!"

Yep; much the most! We put it even stronger, Bre'r Fox, and call him the most startling figure since the Tar Baby.

But, never mind. Forewarned is the 'hul t'ing! "He comes directly," Marse Henry says, "from the kings of men, and is a lineal descendant of Cæsar and Cromwell!"

Yep! And the Mayor of Rome has renominated him for President, and he will come back to us "the European nominee for President of the United States!"

Which recalls the year when there was so much enthusiasm in New Jersey about running Mr. Jerome for Governor of New York.

He didn't run!

And, briefly, Marse Henry depones that we must Face the Facts; that if we want a Benevolent Despot, Theodore is just the man for us; but that if we give him the reins again all the world will understand (and we should, too) that the Constitution is all in, that the Gettysburg address is a waste of paper and that, so far as we of the United States are concerned, government by the people has perished from the earth!

Thank you, Colonel, thank you! We admit service of notice, and the proceedings may go right on.

Meanwhile, Colonel, here are a few words of record, which please cut out and keep handy for reference:

On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two

terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination.

Words may seem feeble strings to hold a Bonaparte, a Cromwell or a Cæsar, but, after all, Marse Henry, a few words that he has put his name to has ruined so many a man that it does not seem entirely unreasonable that a few words that he has put his name to should help to save a man now and then.

And you know it is conceivable, Marse Henry, that when Colonel Theodore put his name to the words above recorded he may have expressed his permanent sentiments. There are those who think he did, and who think with satisfaction that his words can never be carried from court to court for interpretation, but must stand always as they were writ, and mean always what they mean.

E. S. M.



WHAT IF THE MILLINER SHOULD NOT STOP WITH THE CHANTECLER?



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

JACOB AUGUST RIIS
Born May 3, 1849

Years ago the slums of New York were a wilderness of squalor and dull and unimaginative misery. Most of this misery still exists, but there are patches of pure joy here and there. The spots are the children's playgrounds, and to Mr. Riis more than to any other man belongs the credit of their permanency.



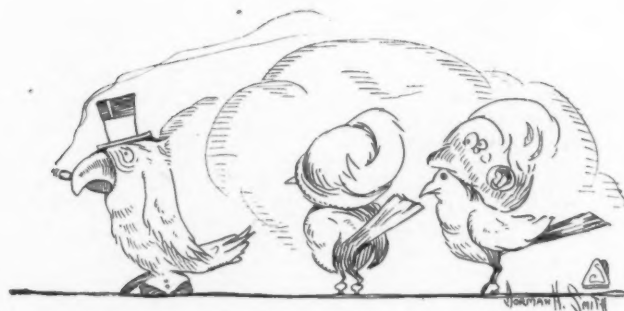
We esteem you greatly, sir. We acknowledge your genuineness and the simplicity of your life, and we desire for you that permanent place in the hearts of all fathers and mothers who know what the problem of childhood is.

Your monument need not be one of marble. It endures in the life of the city. We congratulate you upon the attainment of another birthday.

Hereditary

THE difference between Yale and Harvard is still in a perceptible measure the difference between Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Connecticut, it will be recalled, was first settled chiefly by persons who could not endure to be put upon by the Bostonese.



First Chorus Girl: SH! MAMIE, DAT MUST BE DE MANAGER!

Finance

ALL successful financial operations begin with the issuance of as large an amount of stock as possible. Then prices must be raised as high as possible, in order to pay as much dividends as possible. Then as much more stock as possible should be issued in order as well as possible to conceal the dividends and warrant an additional increase in prices in order to pay the dividends on the additional stock so that it will be necessary to issue more stock in order to conceal the excessive dividends, and so on.

No man is entitled to be called a philanthropist until he has repeated this process at least half a score of times.

It's a long honeymoon that has no alimony.



The Crowning Triumph

AS the result of a series of clever experiments in the Halls of Agony, a child's legs and a rooster's tail have been grafted onto a dog. The experiment was a distinct success, as the dog died before realizing what had happened to him. The glory of this victory belongs entirely to Dr. Multiform Payne, Dr. Kneedliss Carver, Dr. Tawcher Pupps and Dr. Goolish Joy. They were ably assisted by Dr. Justor Broot.

Providing for the Children

THE papers (New York) report that Park Commissioner Stover is selecting places in Central Park for the use of the kindergarten classes—places where the dear children will be allowed to draw pictures on the asphalt walks.

The natural field in New York of the artistic development of childhood by chalk-mark is the front steps of the once universal brown-stone dwelling. Such high-stoop dwellings as are left are still well patronized, especially those that are conveniently near the region of denser population. Homes where the furnace man washes the chalk-marks off the steps and sidewalks every morning are particularly well suited to the use of the children in the afternoon, and are abundantly used. But the increasing disposition of the well-to-do to live in apartment houses and basement dwellings has narrowed the field and it is kind and necessary for the good Commissioner to make this provision in the park for chalk-marking infancy driven by the march of progress from its normal haunts.

Infant classes in sloyd and metal work have been used to find part of their practice in removing door-bells and electric buttons from dwellings, especially in the summer time. Also in detaching whatever is detachable from bronze or iron fences or railings. If the good Commissioner can provide in the park for the necessary practice of the young metal workers also it will doubtless be much appreciated by householders as well as by the dear children.



Plays to Suit All Sorts of Tastes

EVIDENTLY Mme. Nazimova is content to rely on her purely theatrical ability to excite the curiosity and to mystify her audiences rather than to develop any power she may possess to move them. She is, in fact, more a poseuse than an actress. In her voice are exciting and even irritating tones, but none that are indicative of deep emotion in herself or that stir it in her hearers. She arouses and holds the interest of the eye and ear, but not for a moment does she touch the heart or cause a responsive emotional chord to vibrate.

"Little Eyolf" is another of the un-cheerful Ibsen dramas of the dissection school. The scalpel is here used to lay bare—what? The evils of a woman's selfish and jealous passion for her husband seem to be the chief object of analysis, but the lesson is so befogged with poetic and symbolic allusion that it fails of directness. Wives of the type pictured may make their husbands long for the peace of the mountain peaks which *Alfred* apostrophizes, but that seems hardly sufficient basis for a dramatic construction. Perhaps it is wrong to insist so strongly that a play shall teach a lesson, but when it fails to please, amuse or excite it would seem that a drama should instruct or it fails of a mission. Which appears to be exactly the case with "Little Eyolf."

The small cast was well chosen, including Mr. Brandon Tynan as the husband with mountainous aspirations, Miss Ida Conquest as his sister, who finds out that she isn't his sister; Miss Gertrude Berkeley, who does a piece of good character work as a sort of female "Pied Piper," who has nothing to do with the case, and Mr. Robert Haines as a husky young road-builder, who is the only normal character in the play. The stage settings were unusually good examples of the scenic art and the lighting effects in the last act were more realistic than theatrical.

"Little Eyolf" was given at the new Nazimova Theatre, a little house so cheerful in its coloring and so comfortable in all its appointments that it deserved a better send-off in the way of drama.



"MY CHILDREN, IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT WOMAN, PAPA WOULD BE WITH US TO-DAY."

QUITE as dismal, but in different fashion, is Hauptmann's "Hannele," which Mrs. Fiske chose to supplant Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." Sixteen years ago this unpleasant play of



THEIR DAUGHTER IN THE TOWN

German low-life in a country village was reviewed in this column, and there seems to be no reason to reverse the opinion formed then that this dramatic exposition of the crude religious fancies of a German child expressed in dream form is not worth the trouble of production in the kind of poetry it is made into in English. The heroine is a Teutonic *Little Eva*, ill-treated by a brutal father, and the play is given over first to a depiction of life in a poorhouse and then to physical reproduction of the child's dreams based on Sunday-school teaching. Mrs. Fiske, in the character of *Hannele*, failed to realize childhood and gained no new laurels. Mr. Holbrook Blinn, in the character of *The Schoolmaster*, transformed by the fancy of the child into the Christ, failed to give the part the impressiveness it required to be even a tolerable interpretation. Alice John as the nursing deaconess and the other members of the large cast were competent to do the little required of them in minor parts.

The Arthur Schnitzler curtain-raiser, entitled "The Green Cockatoo," tells a powerful and tragic little story of the French Revolution, but was rather spoiled by lack of ease on the part of its large company of actors.

WHAT has become of all that agitation which not so very long ago was agitating New York's funny Board of Aldermen? It had something to do with the ticket-speculators, and, judging by its intensity, bid fair to wipe that obnoxious race completely off the face of the sidewalks. But evidently the aldermen have cooled off. Far be it from *LIFE* to suggest that the rich and powerful organization of ticket-speculators could bring any influence to bear which would swerve the aldermen from their sworn duty to the people of the city that pays them their salaries; or that they failed to take seriously the noble managers who went down and told the aldermen that they were violently and aggressively opposed to all ticket-speculators (except those in their own employ).

The Board of Aldermen could wipe out the nuisance of sidewalk ticket-speculating in fifteen minutes. But that isn't what aldermen are for. Why is an alderman?

Assemblyman Hoey has introduced a sensible bill at Albany which would quickly settle the whole matter, but the New York Legislature is so busy looking after private morals and protecting private interests that it has no time to enact sensible laws for the good of the people.

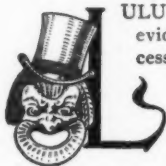


MONSIEUR EUGENE BRIEUX

usually points a moral in his plays, which are beginning to find a place on the American stage through the efforts of Mr. Laurence Irving, no matter how unsavory are the French author's mediums in some particulars. The moral of "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont" seems to be that from the feminine point of view it is better to be an unhappy and childless wife than a spinster or a gay lady. The spinster is emphatic in the belief that it is better to have one man than none at all, and the other lady is equally positive that it is better to have one man than many.

These conclusions are the finale of a play which though rather too French for the average American taste is interesting both as drama and in its acting. Mabel Hackney is the married daughter and brings to her in the part the same decision and directness of manner she displayed in "The Affinity," by the same author. Mr. Irving was not at all prepossessing as the father of the three girls and suggested the amateur both in make-up and manner.

"The Three Daughters," etc., is quite worth sitting through simply as amusement, regardless of its moral or morals.



LULU'S HUSBANDS" was evidently chosen as a successor to the popularity of "The Blue Mouse," and matches it in almost every particular. It is undeniably funny, but it is also risky.

On the latter ground it is not recommended to mixed theatre-parties from co-educational institutions, but it is likely to provide just the kind of merriment they want for seasoned Tenderloiners



Waiter: BY THE WAY, SIR, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR STEAK?
Tired Diner: VERY MUCH, INDEED.



"CONFOUND YOU! YOU KNOW VERY WELL I HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT WITH A LADY."

and visiting deacons in New York for a good time. The principal fun-makers are Mabel Barrison with her childishly devilish manner, Harry Conor with his solemn ludicrousness and Louise Closser Hale, with her constant vigilance for something which will offend her prudish primness. If you are able to check your strict sense of propriety with your hat and are not too high-browed, you are likely to do a great deal of laughing at Lulu and her husbands.

IF women, as the tradition is, make or break plays, "The Spendthrift" is not likely to be long lived. It is too powerful a sermon against the foolish extravagance of some of the sex in gowns and other luxuries. It puts the responsibility for our absurd American vice of living beyond our means entirely on the women and really makes out a case. In other respects it is a fairly interesting play and is highly recommended to husbands who wish to provoke discussions with their wives on the subject of domestic expenditure.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Olga Nethersole in repertory of emotional dramas.
Astor—"Seven Days." An evening of continuous laughter.
Belasco—Mabel Taliaferro in "The Call of the Cricket." Notice later.

Bijou—"The Lottery Man." Clean and highly amusing farce.

Broadway—"The Jolly Bachelors." Elaborately staged musical farce.

Casino—"The Chocolate Soldier." Viennese comic opera, with Mr. George Bernard Shaw providing the basis of the libretto.

Comedy—Mr. Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney in Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." See above.

Criterion—"A Bachelor's Baby." Mr. Francis Wilson in a sketchy light comedy of his own writing.

Daly's—Mr. De Wolf Hopper in "A Matinee Idol." Notice later.

Empire—"Caste," with company headed by Marie Tempest and Mr. G. P. Huntley. Notice later.

Garrick—"Father and the Boys." Mr. William H. Crane in amusing comedy by Mr. George Ade.

Globe—"The Old Town." Mr. Fred Stone providing most of the diversion in musical farce.

Hackett—Miss Grace La Rue in "Molly May." The star as the essential attraction in musical farce with an unusually good score by Mr. Julian Edwards.

Herald Square—"The Yankee Girl." Another musical farce with Miss Blanche Ring and her catchy songs.

Hippodrome—Water spectacle, ballet and the amusing midget circus.

Hudson—"The Spendthrift." See above.

Lyceum—"The Spitfire." Notice later.

Lyric—"The City." Absorbing contemporary drama by the late Clyde Fitch.

Madison Square Garden—Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Marine Elliott's—"Lulu's Husbands," by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. See above.

Nazimova—The lady of that name in "Little Evolf." See above.

New Theatre—"Beethoven." Curious musico-biography.

Plaza—Vaudeville.

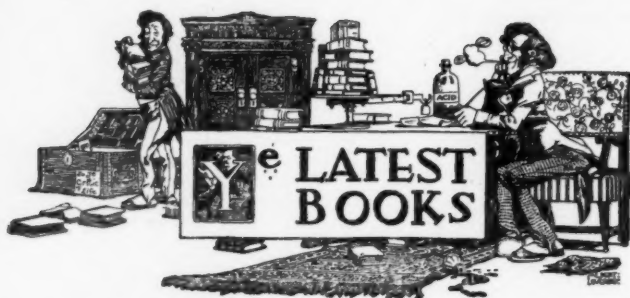
Stuyvesant—"The Lily." French drama with the unhappiness of spinsterhood as a theme.

Wallack's—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." The reformed bank-robber as a subject of interesting melodrama.





Pictures
They Have
Tried to
Suppress



WHITE MAGIC, a pastoral romance in which the dainty but determined daughter of a predatory millionaire pursues and woos and wins an admirable but somewhat priggish Crichton, whose vocation is that of an artist and whose avocation is being a hero, takes its place in the mixed programme of David Graham Phillips's work as what is known in the dramatic vernacular as a "chaser." It has a name and a number on the illustrated sign-board, but it is not for it or its like that we are numbered among its author's audience. That romance for its own sake, or, indeed, that fiction in any form for its own sake, is not the driving force behind David Graham Phillips's pen scarcely needs pointing out to any watcher by American literary trails during the past decade. At bottom Mr. Phillips is not the literary artist with the creative craving, but the sociological student with the mingled instincts of the teacher, the propagandist and the partisan. His is the spirit, not of the ancient story teller who sat by the gate, but rather of the prophet who cried, "Thus saith the Lord." Nor, by your leave, am I comparing him to Isaiah. There were doubtless more prophets in Israel than have been remembered by posterity. Nor, again, am I hinting that Mr. Phillips has mistaken his calling. He has advisedly chosen to write novels because the novel is at once the most accessible and the most effective of modern rostrums. But those defects of his qualities that are negligible in such an effective pointing out of conditions as *The Plum Tree*, and in such a fearless proclamation of the law as *The Hungry Heart*, loom large in the more delicate fabric of pure fiction. In romance for romance's sake Mr. Phillips's nature is not, like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in.

MR. ALEXANDER IRVINE, who is a lay-reader in the Church of the Ascension in New York, the Secretary



"I NEVER ALLOW MORE THAN TWO NIGHTS OUT A WEEK. ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?"

"NO'M, I'SE AFRAID IT AIN'T. YOU SEE, I'SE A DÉBUTANTE THIS YEAR."

of the Exterior in the cabinet of its rector, the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant, and the organizer and presiding officer of that church's Sunday evening conferences for civic and social discussion that for some years have been a quietly dynamic influence in the intellectual and educational life of the city, has published an autobiography called *From the Bottom Up* (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50) that contains at once an unusual and a very interesting record. The author was born to a life of want and ignorance in a small Irish village; he has been a newsboy, a ditch-digger, a miner, a converted sinner, a religious fanatic, a soldier, an emigrant, a milkman, a Bowery missionary, a clergyman and a socialist. But through all this zigzag, haphazard and catch-as-catch-can career he has been, not a rolling stone following lines of least resistance, but a restless and radiating centre of energy seeking self-fulfillment. He has, in short, been an atom of yeast in the social dough, blindly performing its predestined function. And as it requires no great stretch of chemical imagination to picture the inimical attitude of the lump toward the leaven, so it needs no far-fetched reading between the lines of Mr. Irvine's story to fill out and to understand the hostilities that have pursued him. We are, most of us, sufficiently familiar with the doughy attitude. It is precisely because *From the Bottom Up* is the autobiography of a cake of yeast that it is worth our while.



An Interrupted Friendship, by E. L. Voynich. The genealogy of a misunderstanding. A picturesque but tragic study in temperaments.

A Mine of Faults, by F. W. Bain. A beautiful English version of an old Hindu tale treating the "woman question" of a millennium ago.

A Modern Chronicle, by Winston Churchill. The social and matrimonial adventures of an American beauty in search of happiness. An entertaining novel for readers who think they think.

Central America and Its Problems, by Frederick Palmer. An interesting report of a personal tour of investigation.

From the Bottom Up, by Alexander Irvine. See above.

In After Days, by John Bigelow, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and others. Nine essays on immortality giving an interesting insight into as many types of mind.

The History of Mr. Polly, by H. G. Wells. Notice later.

The Land of the Lion, by W. S. Rainsford. British East Africa before the invasion. An entertaining record of sport and travel.

Lost Face, by Jack London. A volume of short stories that recall the author's early work.

The New Word, by Allen Upward. Destructive and constructive criticism. The most intellectually stimulating book of the day.

Old Harbor, by William John Hopkins. Local color at its mel-lowest. An alluring New England love story.

The Old Wives' Tale, by Arnold Bennett. A "moving picture" of the stream of English middle class life. One of the best examples of modern English fiction.

Promenades of an Impressionist, by James Huneker. Impressions of art and artists gathered in galleries, museums and—libraries.

The Red House on Rowan Street, by Roman Doubleday. A detective story that is, say, half wool and three-eighths of a yard wide.

The Song of Songs, by Hermann Sudermann. The unflinching story of a woman's descent into hell. Realism for which "there's a reason."

Tremendous Trifles, by G. K. Chesterton. A collection of casual papers admirably illustrative of the many Mr. Chestertons.

Tower of Ivory, by Gertrude Atherton. A finely written story by a talented writer with a weakness for hero worship.

White Magic, by David Graham Phillips. See above.

The Unknown Quantity, by Gertrude Hall. See above.



THORNS

THE WRONG MAN AND HIS ROSES

WITH full appreciation of Mr. Henry James—being decidedly, as some one has put it, "glad that he has lived"—one none the less regrets seeing younger writers with serious fictional aspirations and promising talents adopting the idiosyncratic forms of circumlocutions. The trick, however, is catching, and for a time is caught by so many that it may almost be regarded as a sort of literary measles; and perhaps, so long as it does not strike in, it may be as well to have it early and be done with it. Let us take it that this is to be the history of the mild attack, diagnosable by the typical rash, that Gertrude Hall shows symptoms of in

her very readable first novel, *The Unknown Quantity* (Henry Holt, \$1.50). This is the story of a New York lawyer and man about town in love with a would-be client and presumptive widow, whose helpless and timid self-reliance on the one hand and indeterminate antecedents on the other are as attractive and disturbing to the reader as to himself. It is a situation quite capable of sensational exploitation, but handled with commendable restraint and consistently subordinated to the character conceptions that make the real interest of the book.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Historic Fun

(To the Reader: Many years ago the editor of this series became interested in the question as to what is the funniest thing ever written. In the course of his search he rambled through most of the literatures of the world, and whenever he found a humorous thought or a story that had fun in it he made a note of the fact. In the material here presented it is quite possible that many old friends will be recognized. The classics have not been largely drawn upon on account of their remoteness and length. But no age is exempt. The material is not presented in any chronological order, a leisurely negligence in its preparation having been thought to be more interesting for the general reader.)

The Mouse and the Miser

(Attributed to Lucilius, a Latin Poet, 180 B. C.)

Asclepedes, the Miser, in his house
Espied one day with some surprise a mouse.
"Tell me, dear mouse," he cried, "to what cause is it
I owe this pleasant but unlooked for visit?"
The mouse said, smiling, "Fear not for your hoard:
I come, my friend to lodge, and not to board."

On Astronomy

BY BILL NYE



There is much in the great field of astronomy that is discouraging to the savant who hasn't the time nor means to rummage around through the heavens. At times I am almost hopeless, and feel like saying to the great yearning, hungry world: "Grope on forever. Do not ask me for another scientific fact. Find it out for yourself. Hunt up your own new laid planets, and let me have a rest. Never ask me again to sit up at night and take care of a new-born world, while you lie in bed and reck not."

I get no salary for examining the trackless void night after night when I ought to be in bed. I sacrifice my health in order that the public may know at once of the presence of a red hot comet, fresh from the factory. And yet, what thanks do I get?

Then, again, you take a certain style of star, which you learn from Professor Simon Newcomb is such a distance that it takes 50,000 years for its light to reach Boston. Now we will suppose that after looking over the large stock of new and second-hand stars, and after examining the spring catalogue and price list, I decide that one of the smaller size will do me, and I buy it. How do I know that it was there when I bought it? Its cold and silent rays may have ceased 49,000 years before I was born and the intelligence be still in the way. There is too much margin between sale and delivery. Every now and then another astronomer comes to me and says: "Professor, I have discovered another new star and intend to file it. Found it last night about a mile and a half south of zenith, running loose. Haven't heard of anybody who has lost a star of the fifth magnitude, about thirteen hands high, with light mane and tail, have you?" Now how do I know that he has discovered a brand new star? How can I discover whether he is playing an old threadbare star on me for a new one?

We are told that there has been no perceptible growth or decay in the star business since man began to roam around through space, in his mind, and make figures on the barn door with red chalk, showing the celestial time table.

No serious accidents have occurred in the starry heavens since I began to observe and study their habits. Not a star has waxed, not a star has waned, to my knowledge. Not a planet has season-cracked or shown any of the injurious effects of our rigorous climate. Not a star has ripened prematurely or fallen off the trees. The varnish on the very oldest stars I find on close and critical examination to be in splendid condition. They will no doubt wear as long as we need them, and wink on long after we have ceased to wink back.

In 1866 there appeared suddenly in the northern crown a star of about the third magnitude and worth at least \$250. It was generally conceded by astronomers that this was a brand new star that had never been used, but upon consulting Argelander's star catalogue and price list it was found that this was not a new star at all, but on old faded star of the ninth magnitude, with the front breadths turned wrong side out, and trimmed with moonlight along the seams. After a few days of phenomenal brightness it gently ceased to draw a salary as a star of the third magnitude, and walked home with an Uncle Tom's Cabin company.

It is such things as this that make the life of an astronomer one of constant and discouraging toil. I have long contemplated, as I say, the advisability of retiring from this field of science and allowing others to light the northern lights, skim the milky way and do other celestial chores. I would do it myself cheerfully if my health would permit, but for years I have realized, and so has my wife, that my duties as an astronomer kept me up too much at night, and my wife is certainly right about it, when she says if I insist on scanning the heavens night after night, coming home late with the cork out of my telescope and my eyes red and swollen with these exhausting night vigils, I will be cut down in my prime. So I am liable to abandon the great labor to which I had intended to devote my life, my dazzling genius and my princely income. I hope that other savants will spare me the pain of another refusal, for my mind is fully made up that unless another skimmist is at once secured, the milky way will henceforth remain unshaken.

From the French

Alas! what does man here below? A little noise in much shadow.
—Victor Hugo.

We are always more disposed to laugh at nonsense than at genuine wit; because the nonsense is more agreeable to us, being more comfortable to our own natures: fools love folly and wise men wisdom.

—Marguerite de Valois.

There are those who have nothing chaste but their ears and nothing virtuous but their tongues.
—De Finod.

The Yarn of the Nancy Bell

BY W. S. GILBERT

(This ballad is a very old friend, and so familiar that we hesitate to give it, but we do so because it is considered by many critics to be the most humorous piece of verse in the English language.)



'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo's'n tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

And he shook his fists, and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man
had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo's'n tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew were drowned
(There was seventy-six 'o soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo's'n tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel;
So we drew a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo's'n tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then he wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother,
I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either
be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines of me,' says Tom;
'Yes that,' says I, 'you'll be';
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook
me,
While I can—and will—cook you?'"

"So he boils the water and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some
chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley, too.

"Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round
and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming
froth—
When I ups with his heels, and smotherers his squalls,
In the scum of the broiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost
drops,
For a wellse in sight I see.

"And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo's'n tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"



THE FLIGHT OF AENEAS



THIS IS ONE OF THE FIRST CARICATURES KNOWN. IT IS A SATIRE ON THE FLIGHT OF AENEAS FROM TROY. THE ORIGINAL, FROM WHICH THE BURLESQUE PICTURE WAS DRAWN, IS GIVEN IMMEDIATELY ABOVE.



THE AMERICAN TOUR OF MESSRS. BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON

THEY RECEIVE THEIR FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY. THE MANNERS OF THE OFFICIALS AND MODES OF EXAMINATION STRIKE B., J. AND R. AS BELONGING DECIDEDLY TO THE LAND OF THE FREE (AND EASY).

—From Richard Doyle's *American Sketches*, Published in 1872 (Doyle was a famous English humorous artist, and designed the cover of *Punch*, still in use).

If I Should Die To-night

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my corpse
and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless
clay—

If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief
and woe—
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that
I owe,"
I might arise in my large white
cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold
corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you
feel—

I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there
and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

—Ben King.

An Oriental Aesculapius

(Mr. Oscanyan, in his book, "*The Sultan and His People*," tells the following anecdote of a Turkish physician.)

A person exceedingly ill of typhus fever called in one of the medical gentlemen, who, although he considered the case quite hopeless, prescribed for his patient and took his leave. The next day, in passing by, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was not dead. "Dead! No; he is much better."

Whereupon the doctor proceeded up stairs to obtain the solution of this miracle.

"Why," said the convalescent, "I was consumed with thirst and I drank a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage juice."

"Wonderful!" quoth the doctor. And out came the tablets, on which the physician made this inscription, "Cured of typhus fever, Mehemed Agha, an upholsterer, by drinking a pailful of pickled cabbage juice."

On calling the next day to congratu-

late his patient on his recovery, he was astonished to be told the man was dead.

The Oriental Aesculapius, in his bewilderment at these phenomena, came to the same conclusion, and duly noted it in his memoranda that "although in cases of typhus fever pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer."



Diogenes went to Olympia and seeing certain young gentlemen from Rhodes splendidly clad, he said: "Affectation!" Soon after seeing some Lacedemonians in shabby and dirty attire, he exclaimed: "Affectation again!"

—Aelian.

An Invitation to the Zoological Gardens

(By a Stuttering Lover)

I have found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf-fair,
I have found where the rattlesnakes bub-bub-breed;
Will you co-co-come and I'll show you the bub-bub-bear,
And the lions and tit-tit-tigers at fuf-fuf-feed.

I know where the co-co-cockatoo's song
Makes mum-mum-melody through the sweet vale;
Where the mum-monkeys gig-gig-grin all the day long,
Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tail.

You shall pip-play, dear, some did-did-delicate joke
With the bub-bub-bear on the tit-tit-top of his pip-pip-
pip-pole;
But observe, 'tis forbidden to pip-pip-poke
At the bub-bub-bear with your pip-pip-pink pip-pip-pip-
pip-parasol!

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-play,
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-stit-stately raccoon;
And then, did-did-dear, together we'll stray,
To the cage of the bub-bub-blue-faced bab-bab-boon.

You wished (I r-r-remember it well,
And I lul-lul-loved you the m-m-more for the wish)
To witness the bub-bub-beautiful pip-pip-pelican swallow
the l-l-live little fuf-fuf-fish! —Punch.

Mule Artillery

BY JOHN PHOENIX

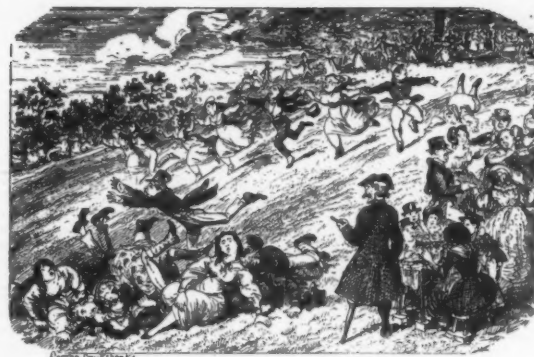
(G. H. Darby, who wrote under the name of John Phoenix, was prominent at one time as one of our leading American humorists. He was born in 1823 and died in 1861.)

Out in a certain Western fort, some time ago, the major conceived the idea that artillery might be used effectively in fighting with the Indians by dispensing with gun carriages and fastening the cannon upon the backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointed toward the tail. When they had secured the gun, and loaded it with ball cartridge, they led that calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood round in a semicircle, while the major went up and inserted a time fuse in the touch hole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready the major lit it and retired.

In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard



HERE IS A CARICATURE PICTURE OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND IN 1233. "THE RIDICULE," SAYS PARTON, "IS AIMED AT A FAMOUS JEW, ISAAC OF NORWICH, A RICH MONEY-LENDER AND MERCHANT, TO WHOM ABBOTS, BISHOPS AND WEALTHY VICARS WERE HEAVILY INDEBTED." THUS HISTORY IS CONSTANTLY REPEATED.



GREENWICH PARK IN APRIL

—Reproduced from George Cruikshank's *Comic Almanac* for 1836.

the fizzing back there on his neck and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity became more and more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet, and the major rolled over on the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull thud, and the mule—Oh, where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor finally, with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney of the major's quarters, and rattled the adobe bricks down into the parlor, frightening the major's wife into convulsions.

They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

Probabilities

At a country house where Sheridan was on a visit an elderly maiden lady having set her heart on being his companion in a walk, he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Soon afterward, however, the lady intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her.

"Well," she said, "it has cleared up, I see."

"Why, yes," he answered; "it has cleared up enough for one, but not for two."

—From *The Enchiridion of Wit*.

Not Much Change Since Then

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the parson of the parish, viz.: "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." The parson, who had not examined the contents of the paper, gave it as follows: "A person, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

—An Anecdote of 1790.



Lauder on the Links
(ALLEGRO)

I love my brassie,
My bonnie bulger brassie,
It's the finest club that ever yet was
seen.
Over ev'ry bunker sailing
With energy unfailing
It lands my Dunlop deftly on the green.
I love my brassie
When the lie is not too grassy,
Or obstructed by the bushes of the
whin,
And escaping altogether
From the pitfall of the heather,
I find my ball is lying by the pin.

PENSEROSO

I loathe my brassie,
For I'm not a Braid or Massy—
My handicap's a very bad eighteen—
And I whack the purple leather
For hours and hours together
Without ever getting nearer to the
green.
Yes, I loathe my brassie—
My cleek-shots are not classy,



Kid: IT'S A LUCKY THING FOR HIM
THEY DON'T ADVERTISE ONE-HALF OFF.

My putting would demoralize a dean;
But for fozzling and for fluffing,
For slicing, topping, duffing,
My brassie play's the best I've ever
seen.
—Punch.

All Alone

An amusing story about Mr. Roosevelt has just become public after many years. Doing the honors at the White House to an English guest, the President regaled the latter with stories of his prowess during the Spanish-American war. Kermit, who had been listening attentively to the monologue, finally broke in with the anxious query:

"Say, popper, couldn't you get anybody to help you lick the Spaniards?"—*Wasp*.

Ignorant Unbeliever.

The late Neil Burgess used to clinch with an anecdote his claim that atheists were always ignorant.

"A coarse, swaggering fellow," he would begin, "declared in a barber shop: 'I don't believe in no hereafter. You live and die and that's the end of you.'"

"Why, you must be a Unitarian, George," the barber said.

"Huh, not me," was the reply. "I'm too fond o' me meat for that."—*Washington Star*.

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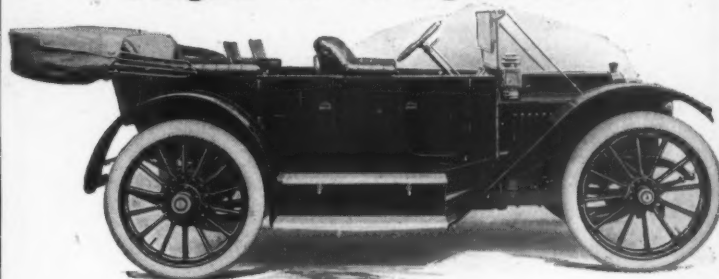
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TWO YEARS AHEAD

Forty-two inch wheels, long stroke motor, left hand drive with right hand gear control, high front door body and full touring equipment are some of the features which place the 1911 Owen easily two years ahead of other cars. Old fashioned methods and machinery have been cut out from the Owen factory.

Every part of the Owen is made by brand new machinery—the latest and best to be had.

Machines that were good ten years ago can't make a modern car. The Owen is **not** an "assembled car," but is **built complete** in the Owen factory.

**42 INCH WHEELS
TRIPLE LIFE OF TIRES**

All cars of the Owen's power will some day come to 42 inch wheels.

They make for easy riding qualities that no other cars possess and reduce tire wear fully 75 per cent. A 36 x 4 tire would last but one quarter as long as an Owen 42 x 4.

EASIEST RIDING CAR

Riding in an Owen is a real delight. The sensation is that of floating. You can travel rough roads in the Owen at speeds that would be impossible with common cars.

Ordinary jolts are entirely eliminated. If the 1911 Owen were mediocre in all other respects its easy riding qualities would commend it.

LONG STROKE MOTOR

The Owen Motor is far in advance of others. There are four cylinders cast in pairs—4¾. **6 inch stroke.** 50 H. P.

It will drive the car up to 60 miles per hour. It will throttle down to 2 miles per hour on the high gear and pick up speed again in a "jiffy." This is because of its great torque or pulling power at low speed—a wonderful hill climber.

LEFT HAND DRIVE

The left hand steering column affords the driver a better view of his "right of way," it allows the front seat passenger to dismount on the right side, and with the gear of shifting lever in the center of the floor boards, gives the combination of **left hand drive** and **right hand gear control**, the only proper arrangement.

HIGH FRONT DOOR BODY

This type of body will be much in vogue even in 1911. The high doors offer protection and add class and style.

Underslung rear springs, and a double drop frame brings the body close to the ground—gives it a low center of gravity. This feature, with the greater traction afforded by the large wheels, prevents skidding.

FULL TOURING EQUIPMENT

The price of the 1911 Owen—\$4,000 F. O. B. Detroit—includes the following touring necessities—the finest quality mohair top, with side curtains and top slip cover; folding wind shield, clock, speedometer, electric horn, combination gas and electric headlights, combination oil side and tail lights, Pres-o-lite tank, foot accelerator, muffler cut out, tire carrier irons, robe rail, baggage rack, foot rest, gasoline and oil garages, tire chains, one extra inner tube and full set of tools.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE FACTS

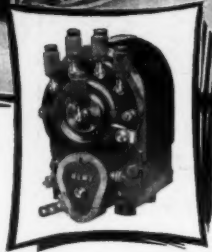
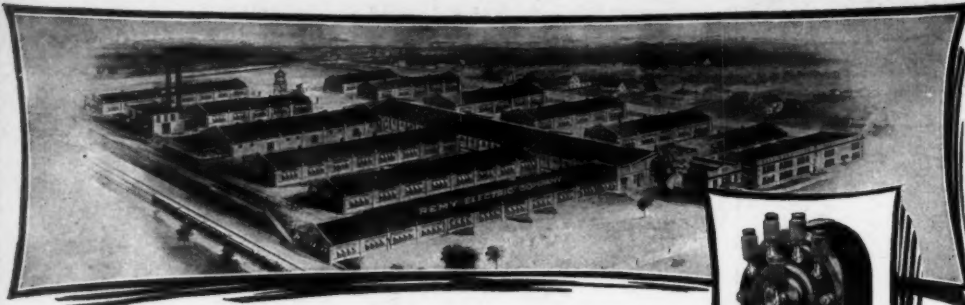
Get all the facts about this 1911 car before you pay more or less for some others. They are contained in the Owen Catalog, sent on request. Then see the nearest Owen dealer and take a demonstration over the roughest streets, the sandiest and hilliest roads.

Snip This Out For Memo.
This is to remind me to write for information about the Owen Car.
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The 1911

Owen

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Cobe Trophy won by the aid of the Remy Magneto

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Cautious Mother

"Mother, may I go study bridge?"

"Yes, my darling Mabel.

Learn all the rules you can by heart,

But don't go near the table."

—Harper's Weekly.

The Only Dry Place

A stingy angler was fishing on a Scottish loch on a pouring wet day. He had been consoling himself from his flask and forgetting his gillie. Presently he asked the gillie if there was a dry place in the boat on which to strike a match. "You might try my throat," said the gillie. "It's dry enough!"—Fishing Gazette.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

SILAS JONES and his good wife were sitting by the fire. Silas thought that a taste of new cider would be good and he took the pitcher and started to the cellar. From the darkness came the sound of a crashing body, as Silas tripped on the top step and rolled downward.

"Oh, Silas," cried his wife, "did you break the pitcher?"

"No, darn it! But I will!" and the crash followed.—Housekeeper.

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One on the Doctor

Dr. Arthur Holbrook tells the following story:

A man by the name of Evans died and went to heaven. When he arrived at the pearly gates he said to St. Peter:

"Well, I'm here."

St. Peter asked his name. "John Evans," was the reply.

St. Peter looked through the book and shook his head.

"You don't belong here," he said.

"But I am sure I belong here," said the man.

"Wait a minute," said Peter. He looked again, and in the back part of the book found the name.

"Sure," said the guardian of the gate, "you belong here, but you weren't expected for twenty years. Who's your doctor?"—American Druggist.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.



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Rhymed Reviews

The Kingdom of Slender Swords

(By Hallie Erminie Rives. The Bobbs-
Merrill Company)

Hai! koto 'ricksha, Ojo-San!
Matsuri biwa Fuji-Yama;
Hyaku shoji soroban,
Kimono geisha Yokohama!

This Hashimura Togo song
Shall prologize a yarn of Nippon
Whose plot Bobbs Merrilly along
Without a shred of truth to trip on.

The Long Arm of Coincidence
Is badly sprained before it's ended,
While Nature climbs the nearest fence,
Agape to find her laws suspended.

The Dreadful Doctor Barsonin
A means of Mystic Force devises.
Suppose you rile that Man of Sin:
He lifts his hand; a sound arises,

A chiming, elfin note of fate
(A locust-cry, perhaps, is louder),
And, puff!—you just disintegrate,
Dissolved to fine, atomic powder!

In Yokohama's friendly bay
A foreign squadron lies at anchor;

A Perfect Figure

without drugs or dieting can only
be obtained by wearing

Dissolvane Rubber Garments

POSITIVE RESULTS

Worn with Comfort by Men and Women

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DISSOLVENE MFG. COMPANY,
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(Astor Court Building) Adjoining Waldorf-Astoria.

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A few drops in the shaving cup
or on the brush will:

Change the soapy smell to a
delightful aromatic freshness.

Make a smoother, creamier
lather that *lasts longer*
than when plain water
is used.

Soothe the skin
during the
shave and
thus *prevent*
irritation.

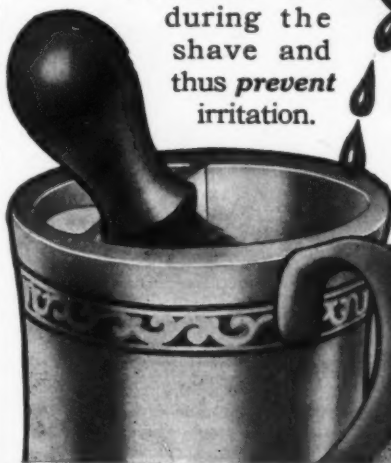


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Sold only in sealed bottles—never in bulk

Large trial bottle and booklet
telling the best way to shave
will be mailed FREE on request.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. Dept. 47. 78 Hudson St., New York



The Doctor schemes to waft away
A ship or so for greed and rancor.

But Haru, maid of Old Japan,

Intrudes; the Doctor's guile mis-
trusting,

She sells herself to learn his plan—

The episode is quite disgusting.

Yet haste, oh, haste, or all's in vain!

"Away! my trusty heaven-ranger!"

Aboard his swift aeroplane

The Hero braves the Unknown
Danger

And saves the squadron just in time!

His Love proves true; his foe de-
ceases;

(Continued on page 780)

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COLLAR BUTTONS
For every special need of
the particular man.

Shirt front, round or
lens shaped heads,
short shank.



Shirt collar front, lens
or round heads, long
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head to hold scarf, or
lens shaped head, me-
dium shank.



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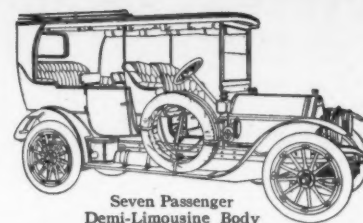
Booklet free.

The Literary Zoo -

Mr. Chesterton Writes a Preface

It is Dr. Van Dyke, we believe, in
his essay on Tennyson, who modestly
advises his public that, after all, it were
better to read the poet than to peruse
what he, the essayist, has to say about
him.

This is the true spirit of literary self-
sacrifice—an obvious immolation of the
Ego discerning the buttered side of the
bread, yet content withal with the crust
—nay, with the crumbs of reward. It
is in this spirit that we refrain from
saying all the pleasant things we could
and would say concerning the most re-
cent offering of that tremendous trifler,



Seven Passenger
Demi-Limousine Body

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OF THE BEST
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THE HOLBROOK CO.

509-15 West 56th Street
NEW YORK

Rhymed Reviews

(Continued from page 779)

A Phonograph reveals a crime,
The Villain busts in little pieces.

A Japanese approves this tale;
It seems he likes the fine devotion
Which sanctifies a woman's sale—
God bless the broad Pacific Ocean!
Arthur Guiterman.

Don't Be Snobbish —but be particular. DRINK Evans' Ale

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. Impelled
to expand and interpret, to loiter in
loving ease at the feast he has spread
—to detain the diners as it were with
an antepandial oration, we listen in-
stead to a still small voice whispering
in our left ear, "Please pass the Ches-
terton."

Ours, then, but the cocktail to whet
a public appetite already keen for what-
ever his larder affords. We should
like to compress in a sentence or so
the import of his "Tremendous
Trifles." But we cannot hope to emu-
late Mr. Chesterton, who has done
this himself in a preface limited to a
paragraph.

If Mr. Chesterton did nothing but
write prefaces he would, like Mr. Ber-
nard Shaw, earn our abiding gratitude.
It is a neglected art but recently re-

vived. "There are too many books
and not enough people to dust them,"
said an humble sage of whom Beatrice
Harraden was the mouthpiece. Rather
should we say, there are too many
books and not enough penmen to pre-
face them. We believe that a collec-
tion of the few great prefaces that
have been written would make mighty
good reading, and would perhaps open
the way to an interior view of many
authors known to the casual eye only
by name and titles.

(Continued on page 781)



Swings
Right
or
Left
for
Either
Leg

Swivel Catch

Adjusts itself to ev-
ery motion by the
swing of the swivel.

C-M-C Clasp

Neatest and smallest.
Cannot unfasten or slip.

**The Only Garter
Without Objections**

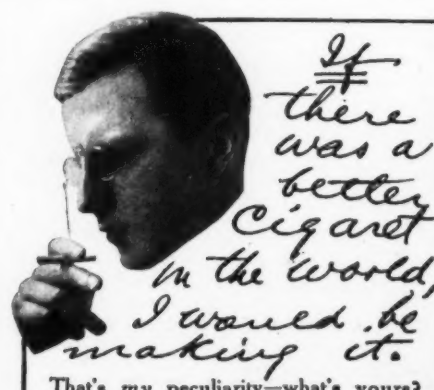
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it will not tear the stocking
and will not bind the leg

25 cents will convince you
The best dealers have them, or sample
pair by mail. Send your dealer's name and
25 cents.

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2461 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.
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on every box



That's my peculiarity—what's yours?

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Hunyadi János
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 Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists

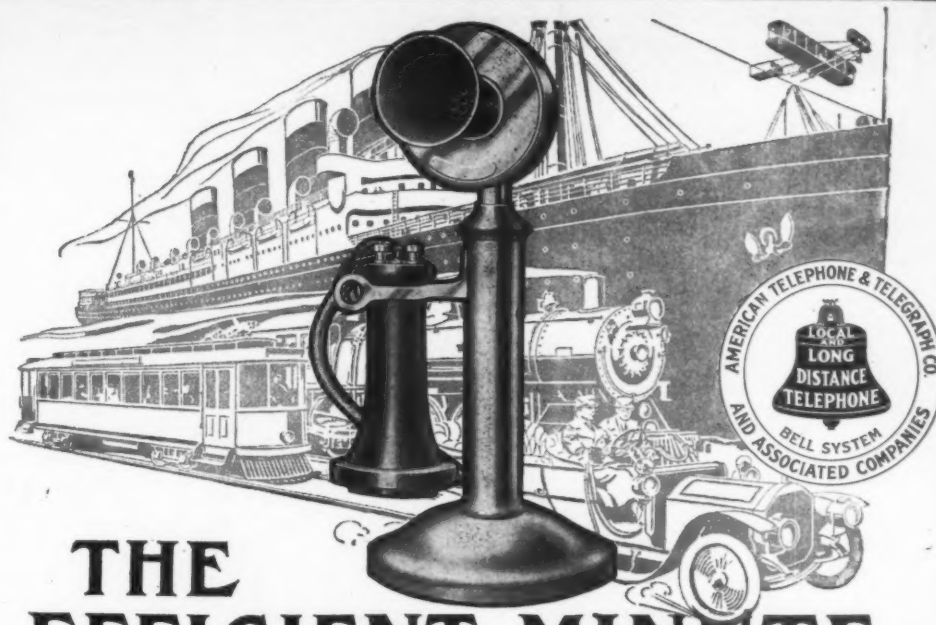
The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 780)

Mr. Chesterton's preface is stimulating and suggestive. He meant it to be so. It causes many thoughts to arise in us. For example, we ourselves were somewhat late in discovering him. When we did discover him he was, alas! already popular. (It mortified us. Why, we reasoned, had he not supplied us with marked copies of the *London Daily News*? Still, one cannot always be years in advance of the public. The dear delight of saying "Omar," knowing that you will be understood only by a baker's dozen of precocious souls, is a thrill become rarer and rarer since Mr. Hearst's *American* introduced literature to the masses.)

In the matter of our tardy acquaintance with Mr. Chesterton, we were consoled by the reflection that we had been busy with Thoreau, Maeterlinck and Xavier de Maistre, and so perhaps had not really wasted our time. It was Thoreau, you may recall, who had so preserved his sense of wonder that a hair on his hand aroused in him a reverence comparable to the emotions we Americans felt for at least two days following the announcement of wireless telegraphy. It was Maeterlinck, in his "Wisdom and Destiny," who reminded us that a soul may encounter adventure in a walk around the house. It was De Maistre who made a tour of his bedroom, stumbling upon so many thoughts and things that his record of them required a volume.

It is these recollections that crowd upon and comfort us, with the assurance that what seemed delay in getting acquainted with our Tremendous Trifler was only preparation for a full



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enjoyment of his company. For—to revert to our praise of his preface as stimulating and suggestive—does not Mr. Chesterton say:

As the reader's eye strays . . . from these pages it probably alights on something, a bed-post or a lamp-post, a window blind or a wall. It is a thousand to one that the reader is looking at something that he has never seen; that is, never realized. He could not write an essay on such a post or wall; he does not know what the post or wall means (sic). He could not even write the synopsis of an essay, as: "The Bed-Post: Its Significance—Security Essential to Idea of Sleep—Night Felt as Infinite—Need of Monumental Architecture," and so on.

"A thousand to one." Royal odds. The odds of a generous British sportsman and athlete—confident in his superior powers, yet by no means betting on a certainty. Still, the implication shocks us. "A thousand to one." Can it be that Mr. Chesterton writes for the nine hundred, ninety and nine—for the readers safe in the fold of their stolidity? They read him, to be sure; but does he write for them? And who is "the one" in a thousand who—

(Continued on page 782)



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

ALWAYS
CAMBRIDGE 25c AMBASSADOR 35c
in boxes of ten the after-dinner smoke . .
In Cork and Plain Tips
"The Little Brown Box"

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 781)

seeing beans—knows their essential significance when the bag is open? Bernard Shaw, to be sure; likewise that acute observer and spontaneous essayist, Mr. Lawson, of Boston. As one is to a thousand, so is our brief enumeration to the sum total of the Chesterton audience.

Follows, of course, a paradox—otherwise the incomplete Chesterton. The nine hundred, ninety and nine are blind; nevertheless,

Let us be ocular athletes. Let us learn to write essays on a stray cat or a coloured cloud. . . . Any one else may do it better (than I), if any one else will only try.

Thus encouraged, we do mean to try. A stray cat? It comes back to us—the things we could say, one thing suggesting another: "Wall—Caterwaul—Bricks—Egypt—Moses—Darkness."

We like, too, the coloured cloud, though we are used to one "u" less: "Colored Cloud; Sky—Sunny South Obscured by a Black Belt—Many

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Seems Beyond Repair**

and you can find no relief try

MAN-A-CEA WATER

Those who try it and physicians who use it in their own families tell that it is "marvelous and unaccountable."
Because It Cures Where All Else Failed.

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Send for Booklet.

MAN-A-CEA WATER CO., 13 Stone St., New York.

Kinds of Clouds—Intellect—Giddiness
—Dull Thud."

A stimulating, a prolific preface.
Never before have we made so much
"copy" out of another man's ideas.

W. T. Larned.

Arma Virumque Cantor

We had always been inclined to regard as *Sun* myths the stories in that veracious journal touchin' on and appertainin' to the erudition of the met-

ropolitan police. But now we believe everything we have read about the literary goings-on at the Church street station. It even seems that the *Sun* reporters in singling out their own particular precinct for celebration have localized the culture of our cops. For why? Simply because William Cantor, an athletic patrolman on duty at the Union Market station, has won—in a walk, as it were—the first prize in

(Continued on page 783)



A "Home, Sweet Home" House

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will be a splendid help and a lasting inspiration. Just a few of the reasons:

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NEW YORK.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 35TH STREET.

Spent the noon hour at the Luncheon Restaurant. Afternoon tea 3 to 6.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 782)

the second Booklovers' Contest conducted by *The Evening Mail*. And while we are about it, we should like to say to an envious contemporary that in recently referring to this estimable journal as *The Mail and Express* it committed a *faux pas* of which even a Salome dancer might be ashamed. *The Mail and Express*, we beg to inform Park Row, is "a dead one." It is now correctly entitled to the address at one time outrageously employed by occasional correspondents: St. Paul's Churchyard. Often have we gone there to drop a tear, while saluting the Phoenix-like apparition across the way. Yea, Mr. Elliott Sheppard's child

50 Minutes from B'way

THE MONTCLAIR
"ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP"
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

was dead, but in *The Evening Mail* it lives again—lives to scatter largess, to skip along the peaks of pure literature, in the sheer joy of living and giving.

As we were saying, William Cantor has won—in a walk, showing that not in vain is he numbered with the reserve force. In doing so he has confirmed a belief we have always entertained—that *The Evening Mail* in fearing to be too literary lest it alienate some new reader was making a grievous blunder. That blunder it has now repaired. Not since the announcement of our own five-inch book shelf of Little Harvard Classics have we enjoyed anything half so stimulating to the classy and cultured many as this new policy of its editor. Besides (we quote the now historical account of how it happened):

While the other policemen played cards or slept, Cantor studied the book catalogue.

William Cantor, *facile princeps* in a walk or a canter. An athlete, mind you, who bore away a bookish prize not by virtue of physical endurance alone—as weaker contestants might meanly insinuate—but because he put his mind on that catalogue and stayed awake. Other policemen played cards. William Cantor played the nobler part—played it both ends and the middle, or, as the sporting editor might say, in *medias res*.

A moral, too, you see, goes with the prize automobile. But that was to be expected. A Biblical text no longer adorns the editorial page. It is even whispered by the nature lovers who frequent St. Paul's at the very witch-

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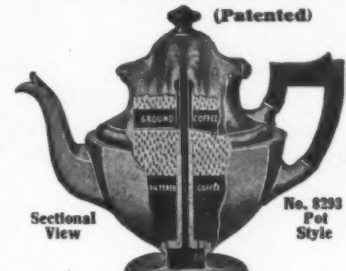
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Mission Design
Urn Style
No. 3193

ing hour of noon that profanity rather than prayers seems to issue from the secular edifice opposite at those psychological moments when the edition is going to press, though as a matter of fact it is very well known to everybody that voluble teamsters are constantly swarming and swearing up Fulton to Broadway. Be this as it may, you cannot escape the moral. It means that the spirit of Elliott Sheppard inhabits its old home. We can see him bending over the forms in the composing room, while a reverent hush falls upon the chapel—nodding with approval as he O. K.'s that proof:

"While the other policemen played cards or slept, Cantor studied the book catalogue."

In these days of ribald journalism we are glad to see one paper that does not hesitate to point a moral to adorn a sale. W. T. L.

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Metcalfe of LIFE delicately conveys an impression of Miss Marlowe's defects as Rosalind by noting that she is living very well.—*Syracuse Standard*.

Not defects, dear sir; not defects.

The New York Whirl

"Don't you lose time by living in Jersey?"

"Not much," answered the Wall Street man. "I have deskroom on a ferryboat."—*Courier-Journal*.

SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

Benjamin Franklin, Vegetarian

In my first voyage from Boston to Philadelphia, being becalmed off Block Island, our crew employed themselves in catching cod, and hauled up a great number. Till then I had stuck to my resolution to eat nothing that had had life; and on this occasion I considered, according to my master Tryon, the taking of every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had done or could do us any injury that might justify this massacre. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had been formerly a great lover of fish, and when it came out of the frying-pan it smelled admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till, recollecting that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs, then, thought I, "If you eat one another I don't see why we may not eat you;" so I dined upon cod very heartily, and have since continued to eat as other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetarian diet. So convenient a thing is it to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.—*Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, Chap. II.*

Milo

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Luxury in Travel

There is something extremely amusing to me in the number of fictitious wants, the loads of imaginary con-

(Continued on page 785)

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Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 784)

veniences, but real incumbrances, with which the luxurious are apt to burthen themselves. I like to watch the whimsical stir and display about one of these petty progresses. The number of robustious footmen and retainers of all kinds bustling about, with looks of infinite gravity and importance, to do almost nothing. The number of heavy trunks, and parcels, and handboxes belonging to my lady; and the solicitude exhibited about some humble, odd-looking box by my lady's maid; the cushions piled in the carriage to make a soft seat still softer, and to prevent the dreaded possibility of a jolt; the smelling-bottles, the cordials, the baskets of biscuit and fruit; the new publications; all provided to guard against hunger, fatigue or ennui; the led horses to vary the mode of traveling; and all this preparation and parade to move, perhaps, some very good-for-nothing personage about a little space of earth!—*Bracebridge Hall*, by Washington Irving.

A Food Faddist's Fix

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was congratulated in his office recently on the fact that he, like the poet Maeterlinck and other famous men, has taken to the motorcycle.

"And has motorcycling benefited your health?" his congratulator, a journalist, ventured to ask.

"I think it has," Mr. Rockefeller replied. "I won't ask you, though, to take note of my clear eye and good color, or I might find myself in the food faddist's fix."

"A food faddist was lecturing to a large audience on the marvelous results

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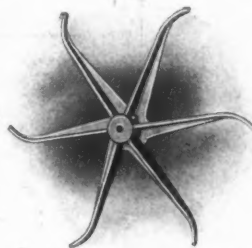
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This oddly shaped fan is a distinctive feature of the Sturtevant, and accounts for the wonderful strength and constancy of its suction.

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It is simple in operation, with nothing to get out of order. It is suited for homes, theatres, hospitals, hotels, etc. It is finished in aluminum, occupies a space of about two square feet, and is easily moved about on rubber-tired wheels.

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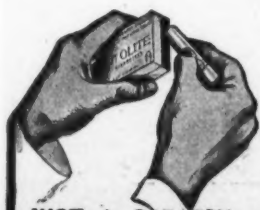
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"He paused to let his words sink in, and a voice asked:

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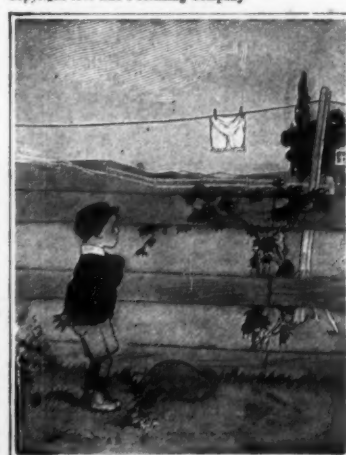
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